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The BLACK TERROR

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AMAZING OFFER

TEACHES HARMONICA IN 15 MINUTES

HEY-FELLAS WHERE'S JIM?
TODAY SAT. MATINEE AT 3 P.M.
AMATEUR CONTEST
SAID HE'D MEET US HERE AT THE SHOW
LET'S GO ON IN--THE SHOW'LL BE STARTING

HOW DID YOU LEARN TO PLAY SO QUICKLY?
WHERE DID YOU GET THE HARMONICA?
I GOT IT BY MAIL WITH AN ILLUSTRATED PLAYING COURSE FROM JIM MAJOR!

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the Black TERROR

Can hidden death be profitable? Can the bodies of unknown derelicts be worth millions in money to evil men? The answer was Yes... until the Black Terror grappled with the foulest conspiracy in the age-old history of greed!

"The NAMELESS MEN!"

B-328

IN THE MORGUE OF A GREAT HOSPITAL, DR. TERRY BRUCE, RESIDENT INTERNE, FINISHES A ROUTINE AUTOPSY...

I'LL HAVE TO DO IT! IF I DON'T, IT MEANS EXPOSURE... AND RUIN OF MY CAREER!

THERE! IT'S FINISHED. A LEGAL DEATH CERTIFICATE... WITH A NEW NAME! WHAT A MESS! AS A DOCTOR I'M SUPPOSED TO SAVE LIVES, BUT I'M FORCED TO GAIN MONEY FROM DEATH!

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PRINTED IN CANADA AT TORONTO

LATER, IN DR. BRUCE'S OFFICE AT THE HOSPITAL...

YOU CAN FILE THIS NOW, MAURA.

TERRY! THAT OLD DERELICT HAD NO IDENTIFICATION... NO NAME.. YOU'VE PUT ONE ON THE DEATH CERTIFICATE!

NEVER MIND, MAURA! IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

NONE OF MY BUSINESS? OH, DARLING, WHAT'S WRONG? YOU'VE BEEN UNEASY FOR DAYS. AND NOW THIS... IT MIGHT MEAN YOUR DISMISSAL! THEN HOW COULD WE GET MARRIED?

MAURA... I CAN'T EXPLAIN, NOT NOW! THAT CERTIFICATE MAY MEAN HAPPINESS FOR US BOTH... OUR MARRIAGE, MY CAREER...

BUT TERRY... THINK OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

MAURA, YOU'LL HAVE TO TRUST ME, DEAR... CHEER UP! I'M GOING TO SEE BOB BENTON ON THAT NEW DRUG HE'S WORKING ON! MEET ME AT BOB'S DRUG STORE IN HALF AN HOUR, AFTER YOU LEAVE THE HOSPITAL!

A FEW MINUTES LATER IN A PHONE BOOTH, DR. BRUCE MAKES A CALL...

I TELL YOU, GRIMES, I CAN'T DO IT! MAURA KNOWS! I CAN'T HAVE HER INVOLVED!

TAKE IT EASY, BOY! WHERE IS SHE NOW?

I'M MEETING HER AT BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE... AND I CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER, GRIMES!...

THE GIRL MUST BE SILENCED!

SAUNT! BRUCE SPILLED THE BEANS TO HIS GIRL FRIEND HAVE THE BOYS PICK HER UP BEFORE SHE CAN TALK! I'LL KEEP BRUCE ON THE PHONE...

WE'LL BRING HER HERE!

NOW LOOK, BRUCE, THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. BESIDES, IF YOU BALK ME, THERE'S THAT LITTLE MATTER YOU WOULDN'T WANT IN THE NEWSPAPERS. NOW LISTEN TO ME, BRUCE...

IN THE MEANTIME...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO... MAYBE BOB BENTON CAN ADVISE US. HE SEEMS TO KNOW ABOUT THINGS LIKE THIS...

THERE SHE IS, BOYS! QUICK, NOW!

HELLO, MAURA! HOW'S THE HOSPITAL? HOW'S THE BRIDEGROOM-TO-BE?

HI, MAURA!

HELLO— ISN'T TERRY HERE? HE SAID...

GRAB THE GIRL, SLICKS! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE PILL-MAKERS!

NO TIME TO CHANGE TO THE TERROR TWINS. WE'LL HAVE TO PUT UP A SHOW OF RESISTANCE...

C'MON, PILL-BOY! HIT THE CANVAS!

THIS OUGHT TO TAKE SOME GUMPTION OUT OF 'EM!

BOB!

DOGGEDLY, BOB AND TIM FIGHT ON. BUT SUDDENLY...

BOB, LOOK OUT!

PLEASANT DREAMS, KIDDO!

C'MON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! GRIMES IS WAITIN' FOR THE GIRL. GET HER IN THE CAR!

GRIMES HAS TOO MUCH ON ME... SAY, I'D SWEAR THAT WAS MAURA'S FACE IN THAT CAR! WHY... WHY... THE CAR STARTED FROM IN FRONT OF THE DRUG STORE!

DRUGS

AS DR. BRUCE ARRIVES...

CHLOROFORMED! BUT HE'LL COME TO IN A MINUTE. WHAT HAPPENED, TIM?

THEY TOOK MAURA, TERRY...

WHO TOOK HER? THAT GANG IN THE CAR?

BEFORE I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS, I HEARD THEM MENTION THE NAME GRIMES...

GRIMES! SO THAT'S WHY HE TALKED TO ME SO LONG. HIS GANG KIDNAPPED MAURA. BOB! TIM! THEY'LL KILL HER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT YET, BUT I'D SAY IT'S A MATTER FOR THE ***BLACK TERROR!*** THAT GANG NEEDS POWERFUL HANDLING!

THE BLACK TERROR! YOU... YOU KNOW HIM?

WE'VE HELPED HIM... ON OCCASION. NOW LISTEN, WHAT ABOUT GRIMES? WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

AT 234 CHERRY STREET IN THE OLDER PART OF THE CITY. BUT WHAT...

YOU START NOW FOR GRIMES. AND THE BLACK TERROR WILL FOLLOW UP. HURRY, DOCTOR, THAT GIRL'S IN SERIOUS DANGER! GRAB A CAB!

MINUTES AFTER - DR. TERRY BRUCE LEAVES... A DYNAMIC TRANSFORMATION!

WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! HOW DID A NICE KID LIKE TERRY BRUCE GET MIXED UP WITH GANGSTERS?

PRESENTLY...

WE GOT HERE JUST BEHIND HIM.

LET'S WATCH THROUGH THAT WINDOW AND GET THE LOWDOWN ON THIS BUSINESS BEFORE WE TAKE OVER!

MAURA! DARLING, HAVE THEY HURT YOU?

TAKE IT EASY, DOCTOR! THE GIRL'S SAFE... SO LONG AS YOU LISTEN TO REASON...

IF YOU DON'T... WELL, I'LL HAVE TO TAKE PRECAUTIONS!

GRIMES, I DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR THIS! YOU HAVE ME... BUT... THIS GIRL... SHE'S INNOCENT!

TERRY! DON'T BARGAIN WITH HIM. TELL HIM YOU WON'T GO THROUGH WITH IT!

A TOUCHING SCENE, EH, DOCTOR BRUCE... WELL...?

MAURA... I CAN'T DO AS YOU ASK! GRIMES CAN RUIN ME! I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

PERHAPS IF I EXPLAINED, MAURA... HEH-HEH...

MY ASSOCIATE, BARLOW SAUNT, A WELL-KNOWN UNDERTAKER, AND I ARE IN... UH... FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES...

AS AN INSURANCE AGENT I CONCEIVED A PLAN TO MAKE MILLIONS! WE SIMPLY INSURE A NONEXISTENT PERSON, OBTAIN A DERELICT FROM A HOSPITAL MORGUE, AND BURY HIM UNDER THE INSURED NAME!

"...SAUNT HAS THE BURIAL CONTRACT FROM ALL CITY HOSPITALS. OUR SUPPLY OF DERELICTS IS UNLIMITED! BUT WE NEED A DOCTOR TO SIGN DEATH CERTIFICATES...

...AND DEAL WITH INSURANCE COMPANIES WHEN THEY INVESTIGATE. DR. BRUCE IS OUR MAN!

DON'T DO IT, TERRY! DON'T!

YEARS AGO, IN MEDICAL SCHOOL, I OPERATED ON A PATIENT BEFORE I OBTAINED MY LICENSE. IT WAS AN EMERGENCY! I HAD TO DO IT. THE PATIENT DIED. THERE WAS NOTHING ILLEGAL ABOUT IT, BUT...

I KNEW OF IT! AND NO HOSPITAL, KNOWING IT, WOULD KEEP DR. BRUCE ON ITS STAFF. HEH-HEH! DOES THAT ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, MAURA?

BUT MAURA'S ATTENTION IS ON SOMETHING ELSE...

IF I CAN JUST...

COME ON, KID, BEFORE MAURA'S HURT!

LET'S GO!

WHILE OUTSIDE...

SO YOU'D TRY TO KILL ME, MAURA?

MAURA, LOOK OUT!

OHHHHHH!

TERRY! HE'S HIT YOU! OH... I DROPPED THE GUN!

THE BLACK TERROR! HE PROBABLY OVERHEARD..

SORRY TO INTRUDE ON YOU RATS WITHOUT KNOCKING...

BUT WE CAN'T ALWAYS BE POLITE!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE, TERROR!

I WISH WE DIDN'T HAVE TO... BUT DUTY'S DUTY, AS SERGEANT MACGOOLIGAN WOULD SAY!

SAUNT! DO SOMETHING! SMASH HIS HEAD!

BATTER UP!

BUT TIM STRIKES FIRST...

AND OUT!

I'LL PHONE FOR THE POLICE!

LATER...

YOUR EVIDENCE WILL SEND THE WHOLE GANG UP FOR LIFE! IT'S A BRAVE THING YOU'RE DOING, DR. BRUCE!

YES, BUT MY CAREER IS RUINED!

IT'S NOT RUINED, DR. BRUCE. HONEST MEN HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE LAW OR FROM THEIR FELLOW SCIENTISTS.

AND SCIENCE MEANS HONESTY! DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR... YOU'VE A WHOLE NEW LIFE AHEAD OF YOU!

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BOYS!

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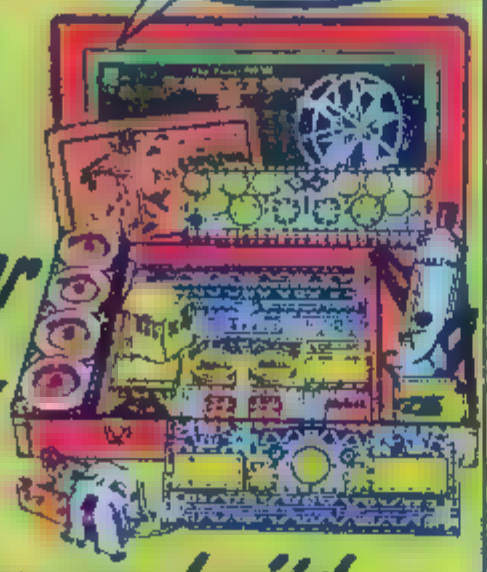

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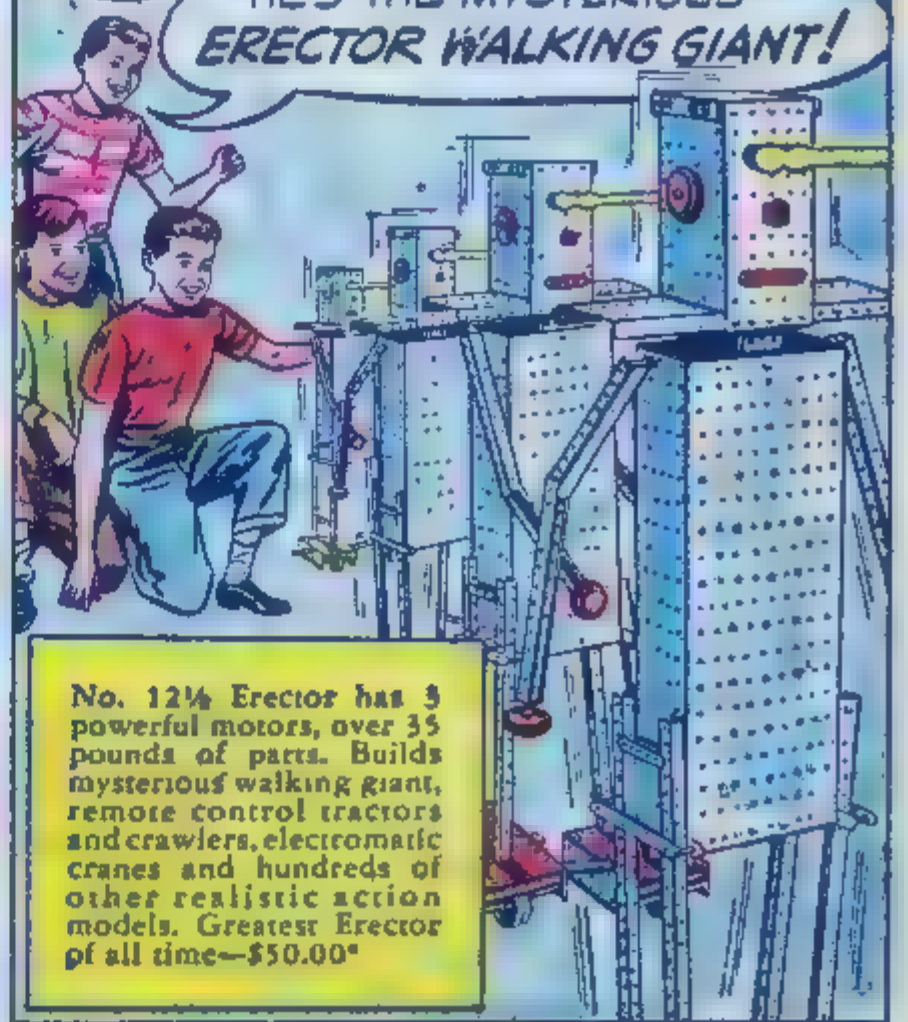

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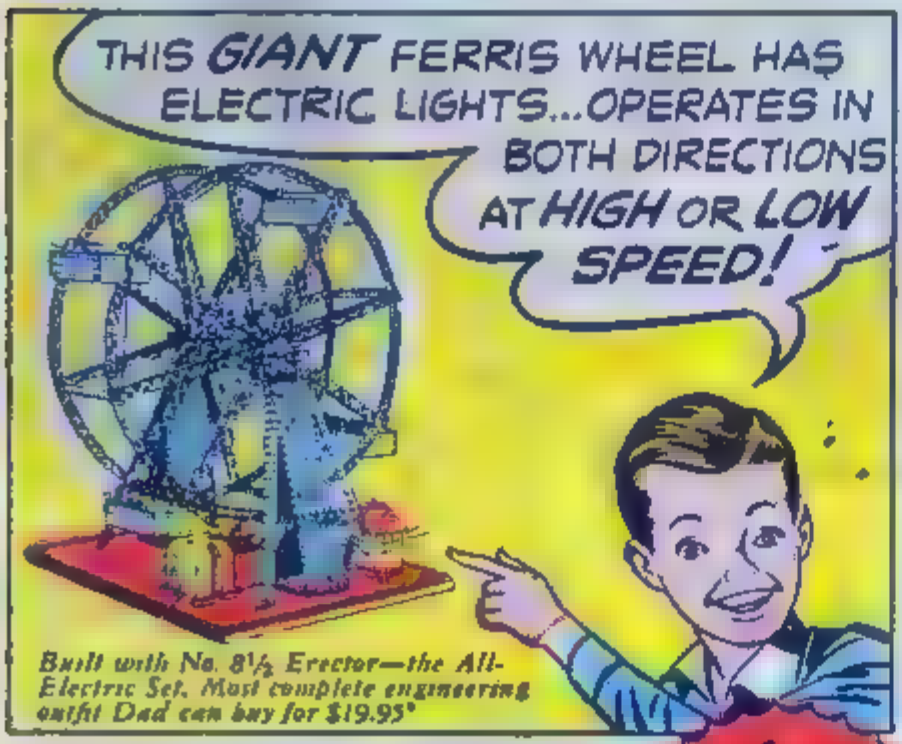

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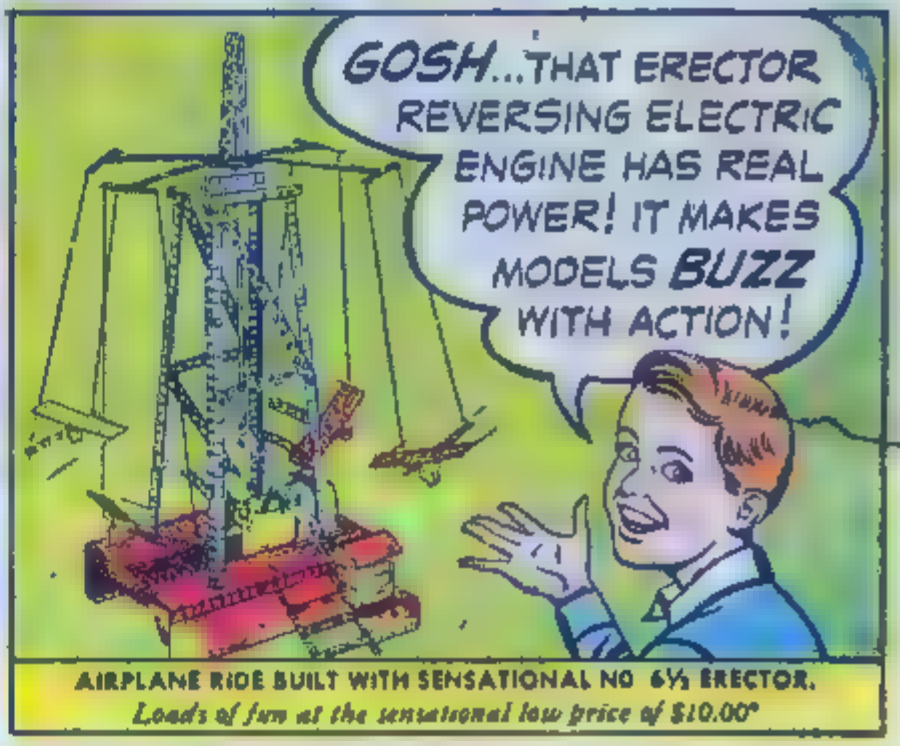

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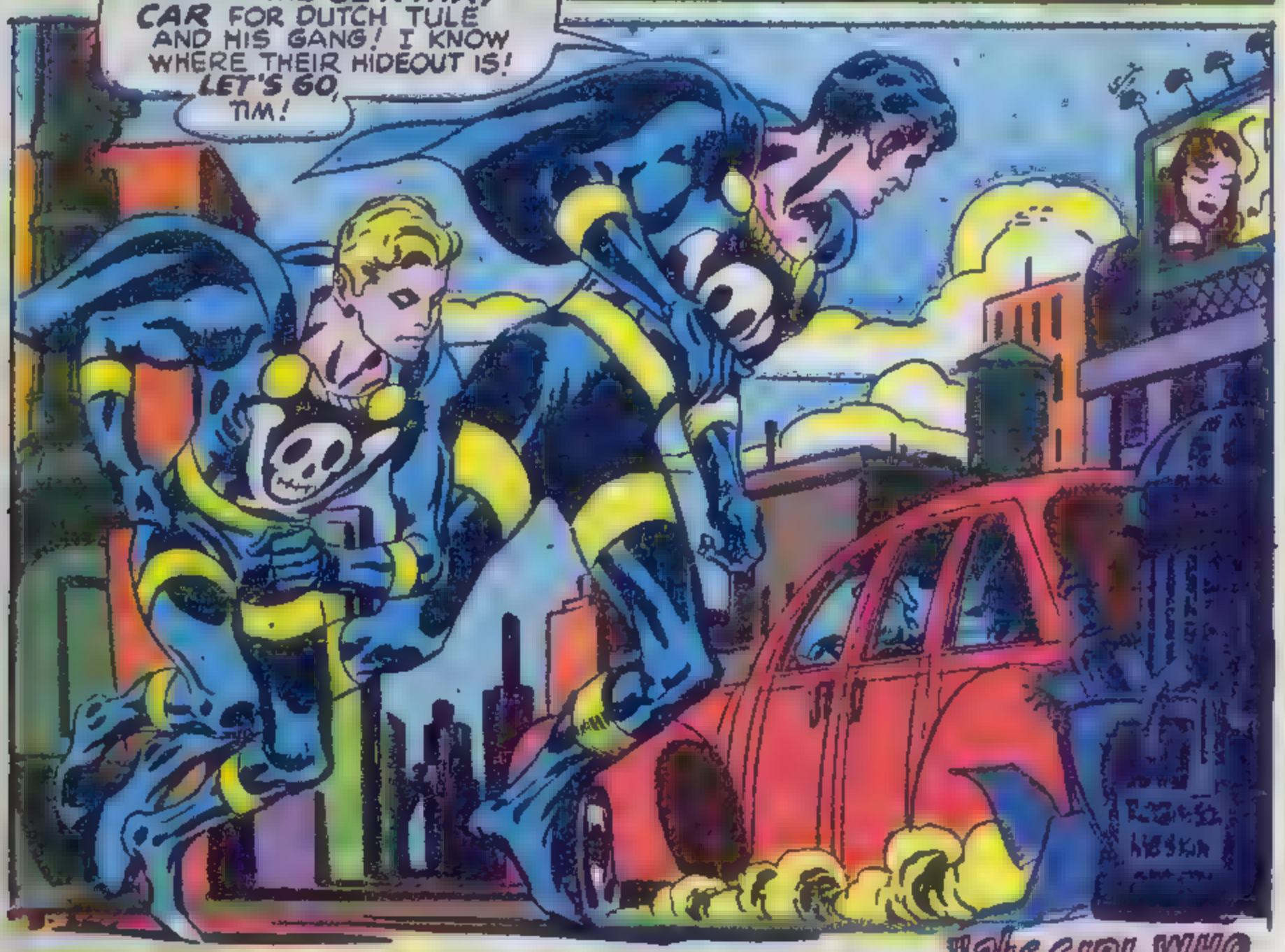
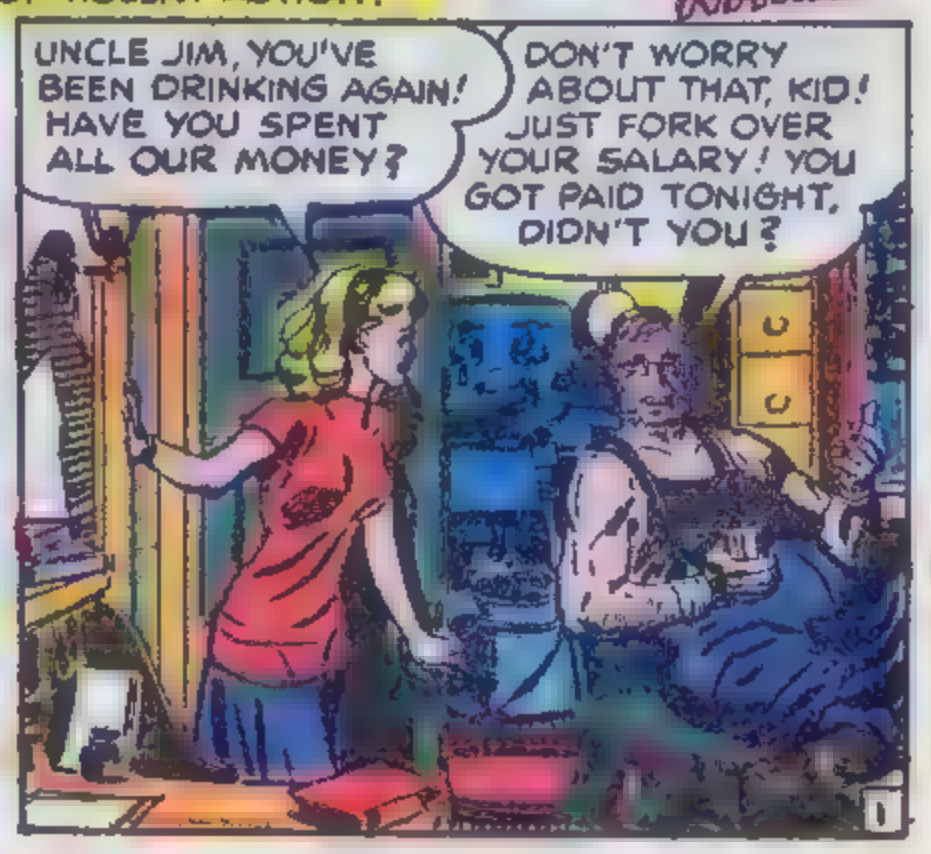
The BLACK TERROR



WHAT TURNS A DECENT YOUNG HIGH SCHOOL GIRL INTO A BITTER, REMORSELESS GUN MOLL? JUDY SMITH DIDN'T KNOW, BUT THE BLACK TERROR DID···AND HIS INTEREST IN THIS STRANGE, TORMENTED GIRL LED THE TERROR TWINS INTO A NIGHTMARE OF VIOLENT ACTION!

"The GIRL WHO CLEARED HER NAME!"


UNCLE JIM, YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING AGAIN! HAVE YOU SPENT ALL OUR MONEY?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, KID! JUST FORK OVER YOUR SALARY! YOU GOT PAID TONIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?

YES BUT I NEED TWO DOLLARS FOR THE INITIATION FEE OF THE ACHIEVEMENT CLUB! YOU KNOW HOW HARD I'VE WORKED TO MAKE MY GRADES ACCEPTABLE!

ACHIEVEMENT CLUB? THAT'S A LOT OF NONSENSE! YOU'LL BE WANTING TO GO TO COLLEGE NEXT! JUST HAND OVER THAT MONEY, YOUNG LADY!

THE NEXT MORNING...

NO INITIATION FEE, BUT MAYBE IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT! I'VE WORKED SO HARD THEY JUST **CAN'T** TURN ME DOWN!

Achievement Club

PLEASE UNDERSTAND, JUDY! WE HATE TO DO THIS... YOUR WORK HAS BEEN FINE... BUT YOU'VE BEEN REJECTED!

IT WASN'T THE WORK, JUDY... IT'S YOUR UNCLE!

BUT I CAN'T HELP THAT!

JUDY... WE'RE SORRY! REALLY WE ARE!

NO, YOU'RE GLAD! YOU'RE ALL SO SMUG WITH YOUR NICE HOMES AND FAMILIES! WELL, I'M THROUGH WITH THE LIKES OF YOU! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

THIS IS THE HEADQUARTERS FOR THAT TOUGH GANG OF HOODLUMS! MAYBE THEY'LL LET ME JOIN THEIR MOB! I TRIED TO BE GOOD--AND WHAT DID IT GET ME? NOBODY'S GOING TO KEEP LITTLE JUDY DOWN!

I WANT TO JOIN YOUR GANG, PAL! I'M HARD AS NAILS AND I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING... REALLY!

MY, MY! FOR A BABY, YOU SOUND PRETTY RUGGED! WHERE DID YOU CHECK YOUR RATTLE, SWEETHEART?

HOW'S THAT FOR A "BABY"?

HEY, SHE'S ALL RIGHT! LET HER GO! MAYBE WE'LL USE HER THIS AFTERNOON!

PLEASE GIVE ME A CHANCE, MISTER! NOBODY ELSE WANTS ME!

OKAY, BABY! YOU CAN DRIVE THE CAR THIS AFTERNOON FOR A LITTLE OPERATION WE'RE PLANNING! THE COPS WON'T SUSPECT YOU! LET'S GO!

HEY, BOB! THAT'S JUDY SMITH, ISN'T IT?

YES! AND SHE'S FOUND SOME PRETTY BAD COMPANY FOR HERSELF, TIM! LET'S LOOK INTO THIS!

TAVERN

BOB BENTON AND TIM SEE JUDY...

HELLO, JUDY! DON'T YOU KNOW DUTCH TULE AND HIS PALS ARE CHEAP HOODLUMS?

SO WHAT? THEY'RE FRIENDS OF MINE AND THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME! LET'S GO, GANG!

JUDY'S CHANGED VERY SUDDENLY, TIM! LET'S CHECK WITH HER UNCLE AND SEE WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS!

YOUR NIECE IS KEEPING PRETTY BAD COMPANY, MR. SMITH! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT IT?

THAT UNGRATEFUL BRAT ISN'T **MY** WORRY! SHE'S CRAZY! SHE WHINES ALL THE TIME ABOUT JOINING SOME ACHIEVEMENT CLUB AT HIGH SCHOOL!

I TOLD HER TO GET THAT NONSENSE OUT OF HER HEAD AND GET HERSELF A DECENT JOB! SHE COULD BE A WAITRESS FULL TIME IF SHE'D SET HERSELF TO IT!

THAT MUCH MORE MONEY FOR YOU, EH?

IS THAT YOUR BUSINESS? BUT IF SHE'S IN TROUBLE, I WASH MY HANDS OF HER!

YES, YOU WOULD! BUT MAYBE THAT ACHIEVEMENT CLUB BUSINESS IS WORTH INVESTIGATING, TIM! LET'S GO!

YES, MR. BENTON, WE TURNED JUDY DOWN! WE HATED TO, FOR SHE'S WORKED SO HARD... BUT HER UNCLE IS A DRUNKARD AND HER HOME IS SO SHABBY!

GIRLS, NEVER JUDGE ANYONE BY THINGS THEY CAN'T HELP! JUDY IS A DECENT, HARD-WORKING GIRL--THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

ACHIEVEMENT

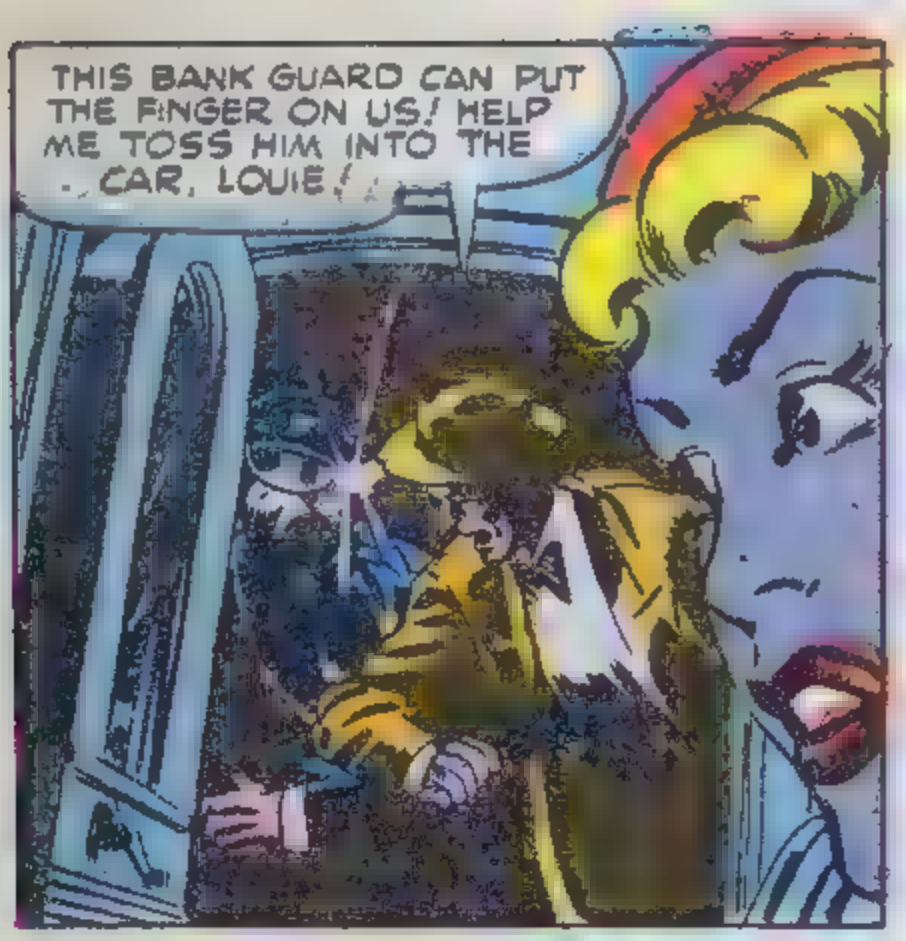
FLASH! A BANK ROBBERY AT FIFTH AND RACE STREETS! REPEAT...

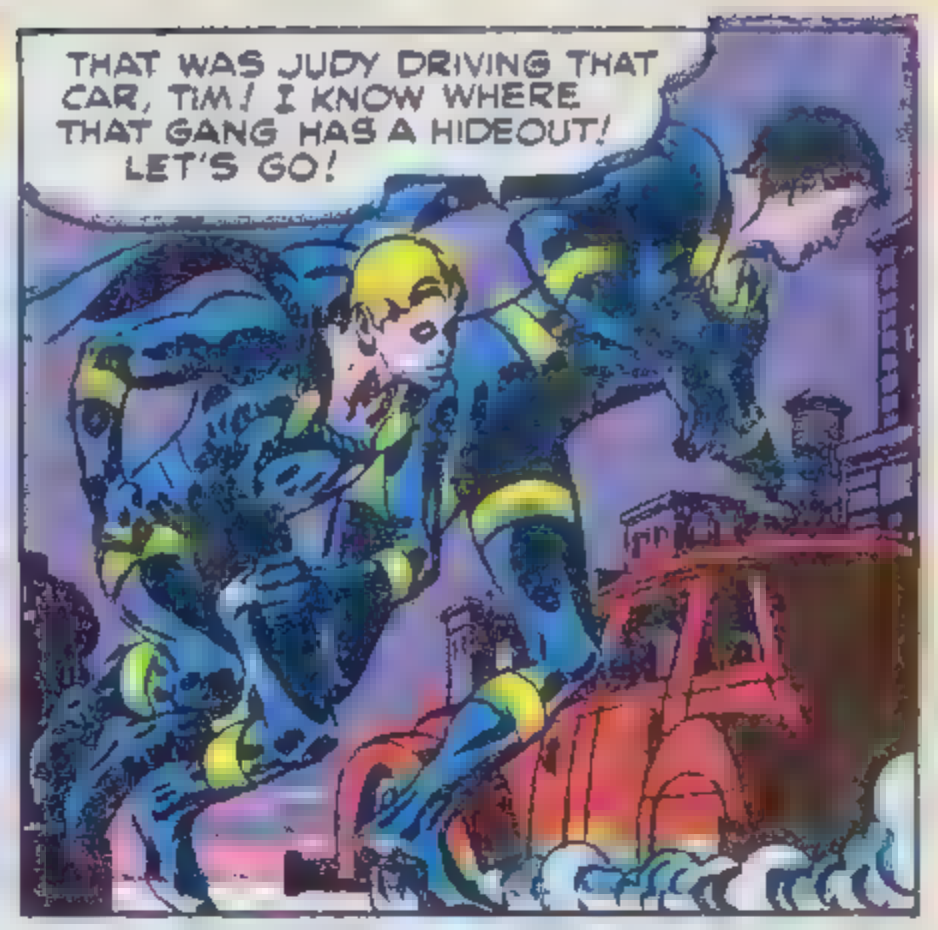
WE'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE JUDY'S CASE! THIS IS WORK FOR THE ***TERROR TWINS!***

JUST THEN...

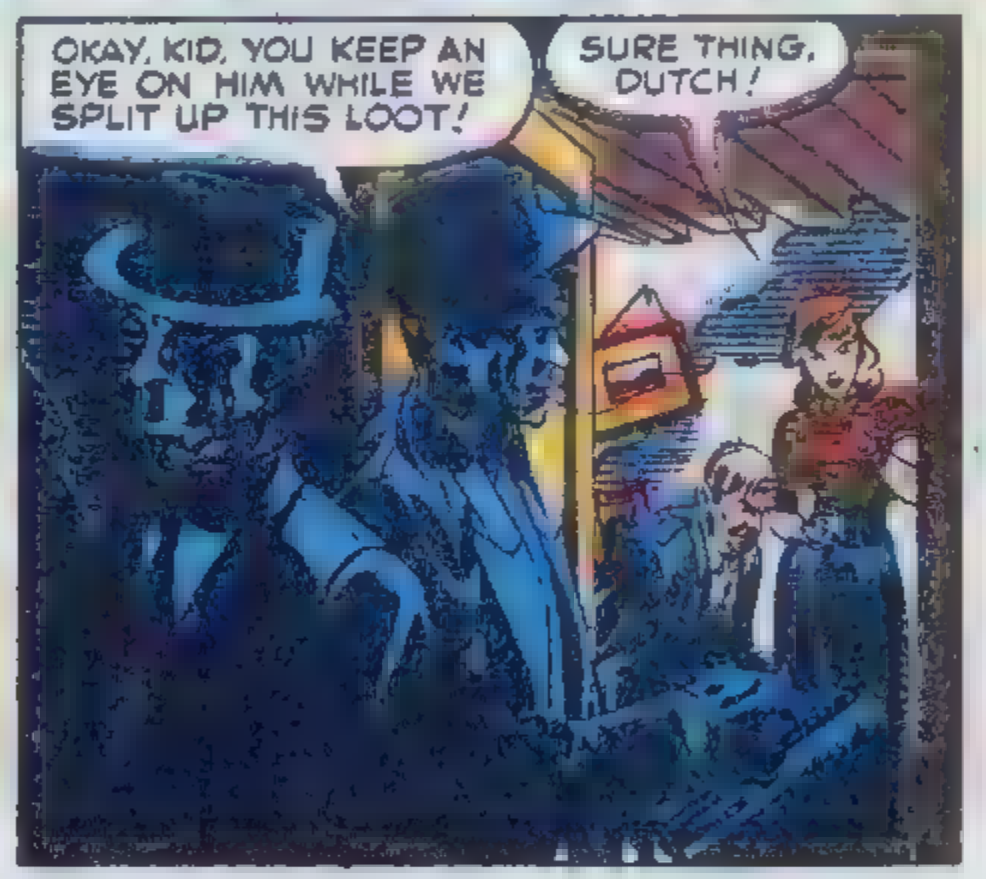
MEANWHILE, AT THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY...

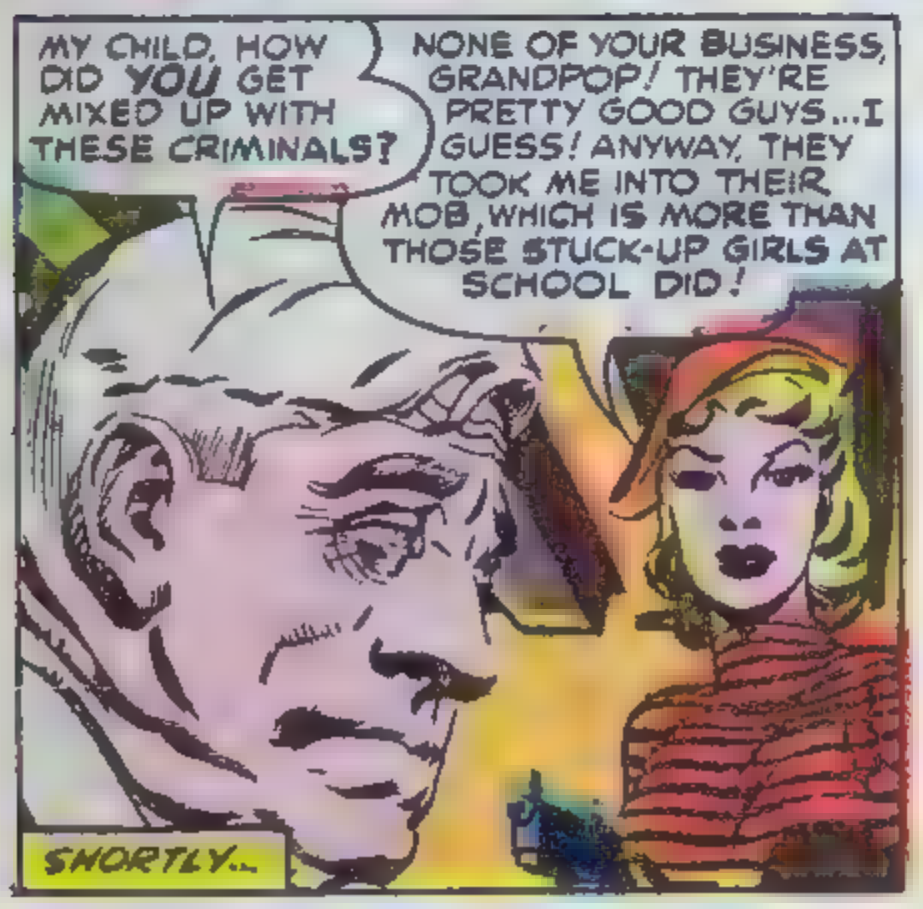
OH, GOSH! I SURE GOT MYSELF INTO SOMETHING! MY STARS! THE BANK GUARD'S AFTER THEM!

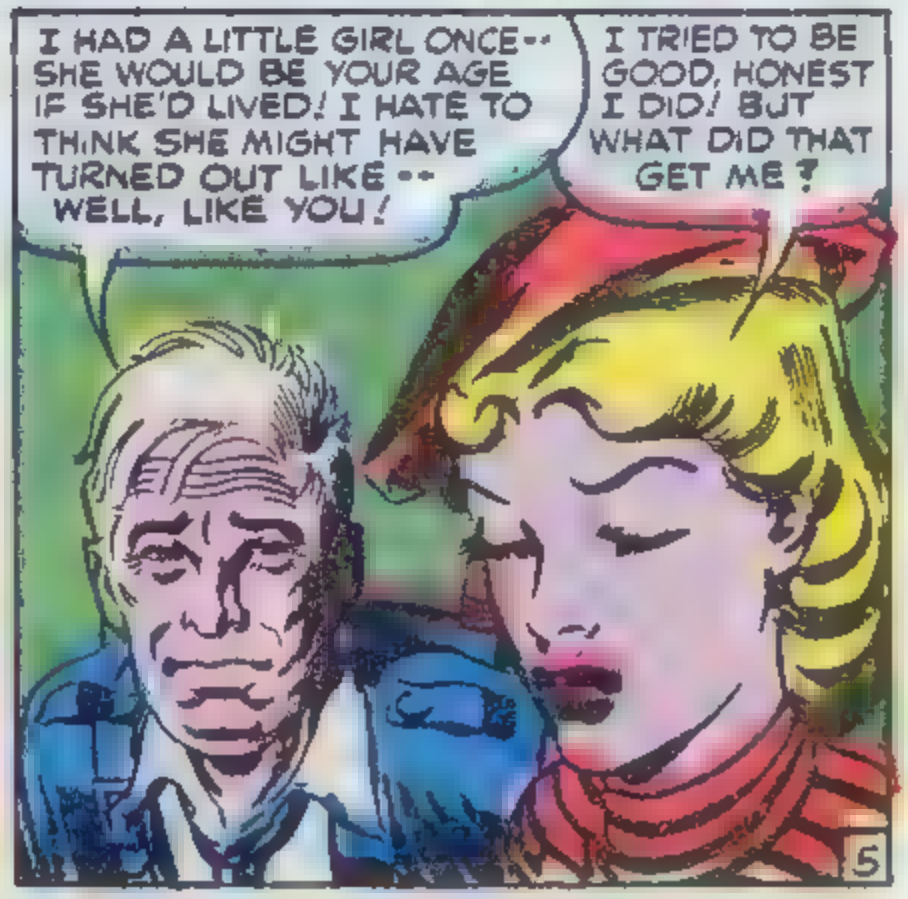

THIS BANK GUARD CAN PUT THE FINGER ON US! HELP ME TOSS HIM INTO THE CAR, LOUIE!


THAT WAS JUDY DRIVING THAT CAR, TIM! I KNOW WHERE THAT GANG HAS A HIDEOUT! LET'S GO!

HALF AN HOUR LATER...
IS HE HURT BADLY?
WHAT DO YOU CARE? THE OLD FOOL ASKED FOR IT!


OKAY, KID, YOU KEEP AN EYE ON HIM WHILE WE SPLIT UP THIS LOOT!
SURE THING, DUTCH!


MY CHILD, HOW DID YOU GET MIXED UP WITH THESE CRIMINALS?
NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS, GRANDPOP! THEY'RE PRETTY GOOD GUYS...I GUESS! ANYWAY, THEY TOOK ME INTO THEIR MOB, WHICH IS MORE THAN THOSE STUCK-UP GIRLS AT SCHOOL DID!
SHORTLY...


I HAD A LITTLE GIRL ONCE-- SHE WOULD BE YOUR AGE IF SHE'D LIVED! I HATE TO THINK SHE MIGHT HAVE TURNED OUT LIKE -- WELL, LIKE YOU!
I TRIED TO BE GOOD, HONEST I DID! BUT WHAT DID THAT GET ME?

THIS GUARD COULD PUT THE FINGER ON US SO WE'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF HIM!

YOU CAN'T-- YOU **CAN'T** KILL THAT NICE OLD MAN!

THEN...

HA! I **THOUGHT** YOU'D GET SOFT! WELL, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TOO! GRAB HER, BOYS!

DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH THAT GIRL!

IN NO TIME...

THAT'S GOOD! THEY'LL DO THEIR TALKING TO THE FISHES WHEN WE GET THROUGH WITH THEM!

MEANWHILE...

WE'LL HIT 'EM FROM BOTH SIDES, KID! YOU TAKE THE BACK, I'LL TAKE THE FRONT!

CHECK, TERROR!

PARDON THE INTRUSION, GENTLEMEN!

IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!

RAS

YOU **BRUTE!** YOU STRUCK THAT POOR MAN AGAIN WHEN YOU SAW THE TERROR!

SHUT UP!

UFF! SOK!

I ALWAYS KNEW THIS SECRET PASSAGEWAY WOULD COME IN HANDY! COME ON!

GONE! DUTCH TULE MUST HAVE DONE IT WITH MIRRORS!

NO TERROR LOOK AT THAT CARPET!

THIS IS HOW HE DID IT! ON OUR WAY!

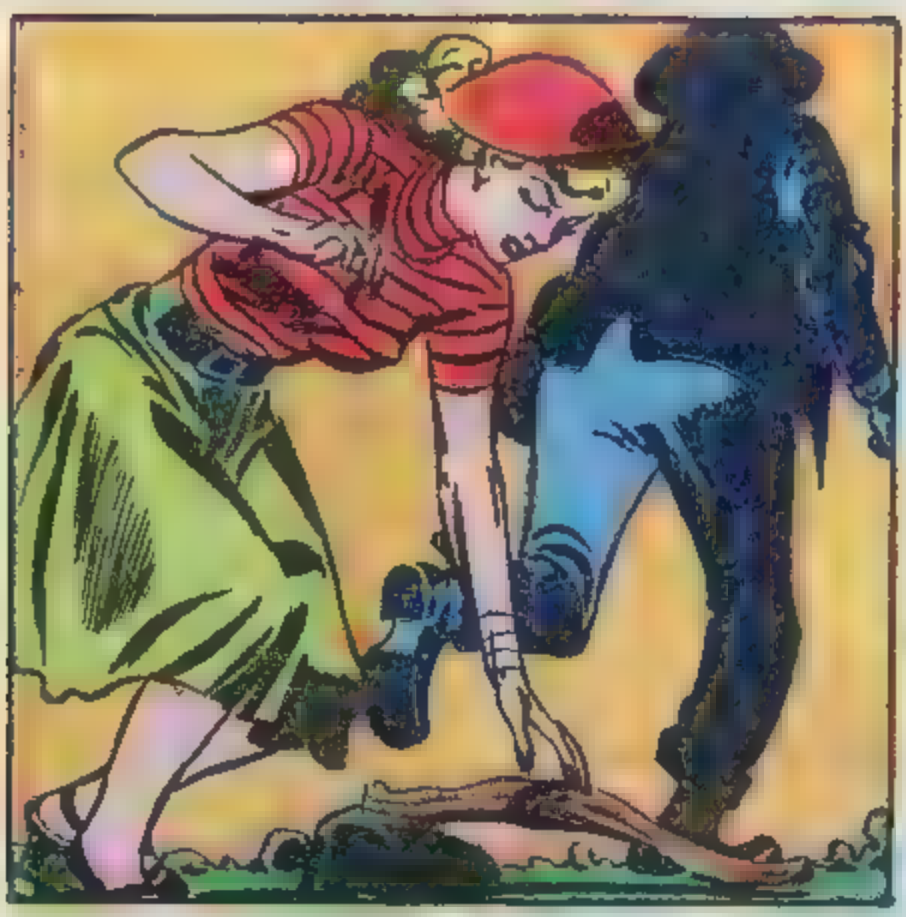
ZING!

THEY'LL GET YOU, DUTCH, IF YOU WASTE TIME CARRYING ME! LET ME FREE AND I'LL HELP!

GETTING SMART AGAIN, EH? WELL, OKAY--BUT DON'T TRY ANY OF YOUR TRICKS!

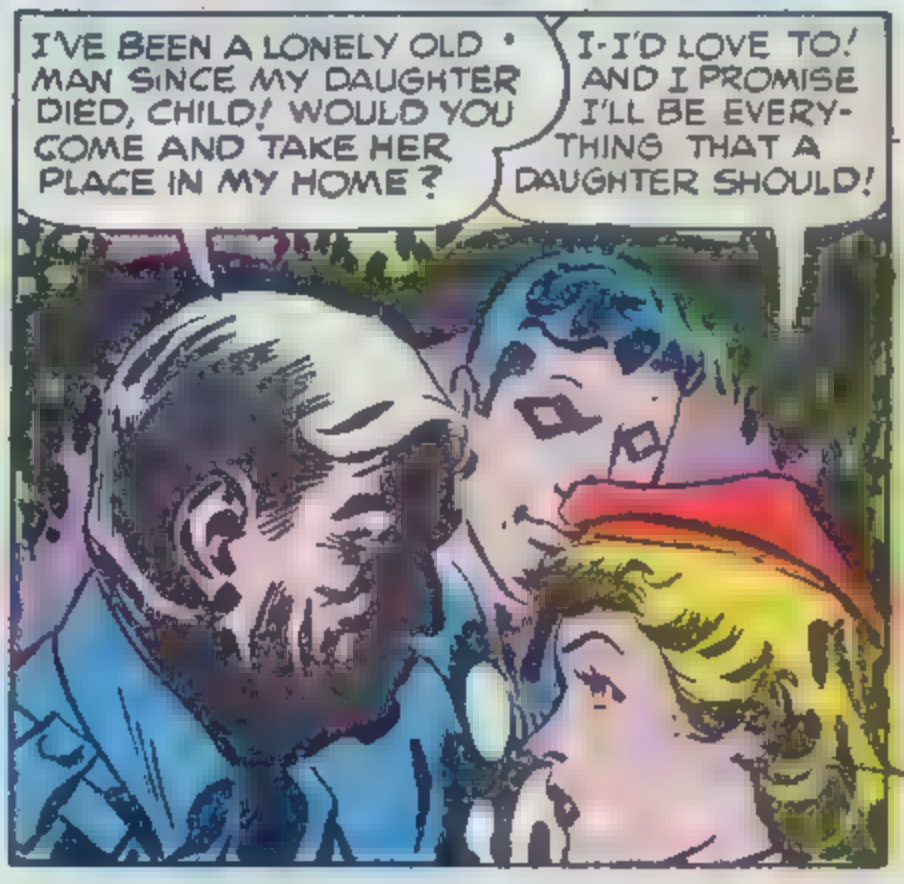
THE ESCAPE ROUTE LEADS OUTSIDE...

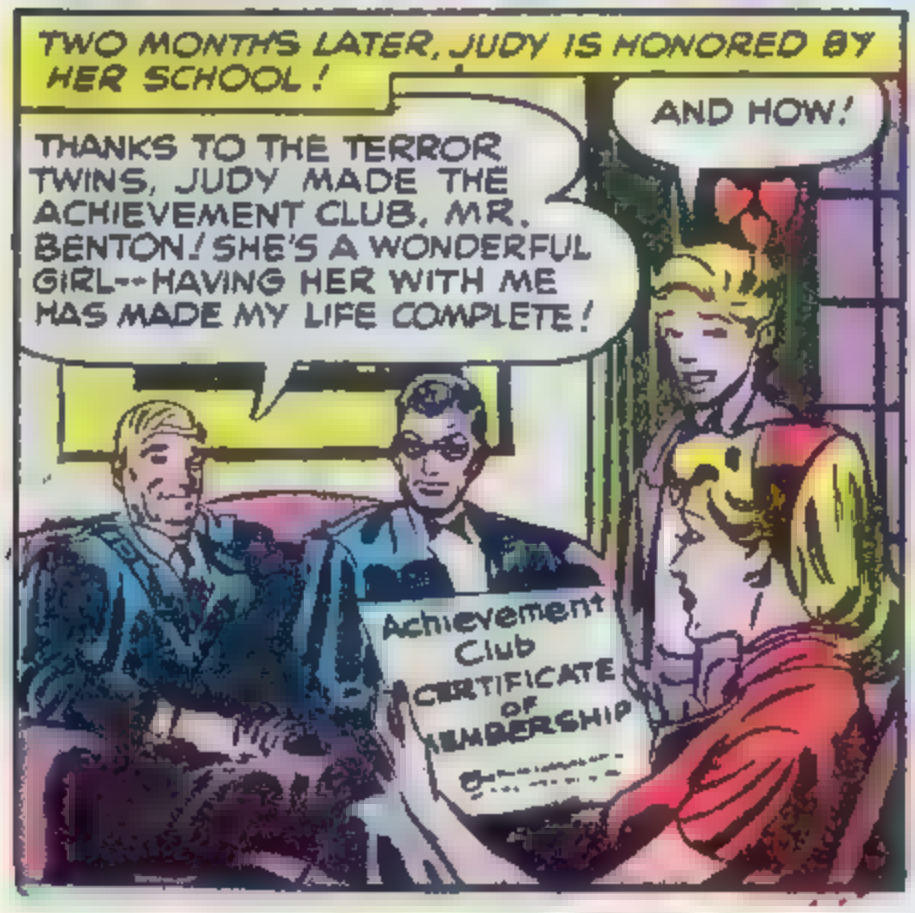
OKAY, LET'S BEAT IT! NOW TO SHOW OUR HEELS TO THE TERROR TWINS!

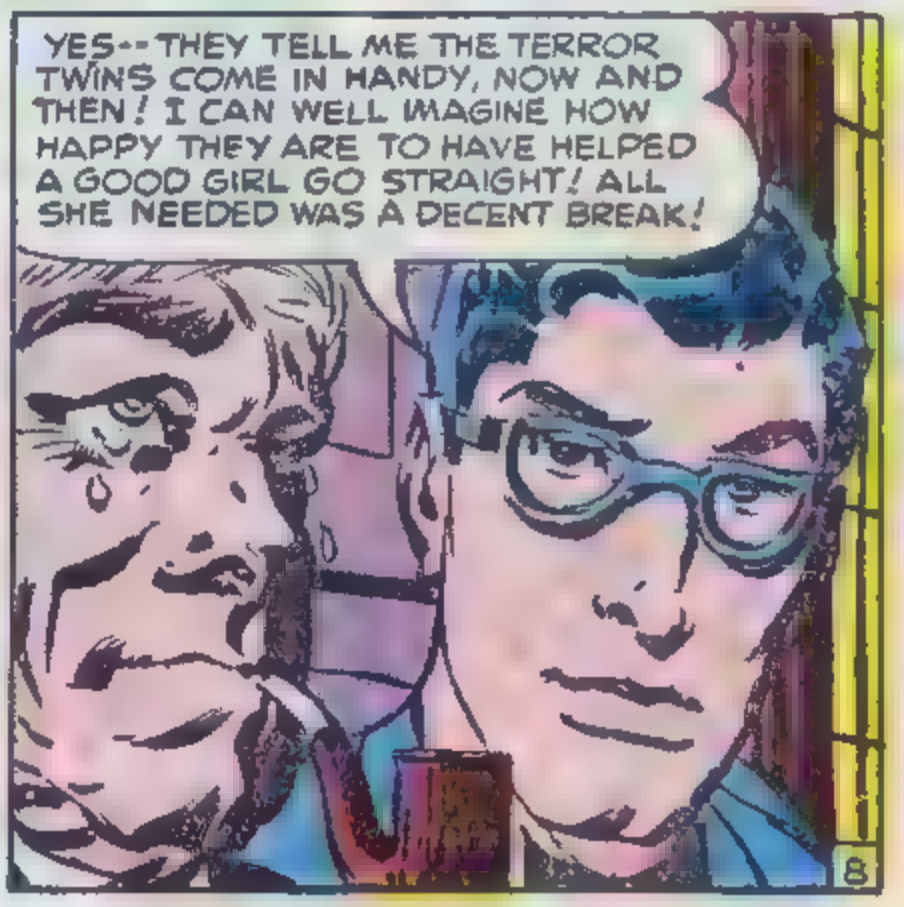


THERE, TAKE THAT, YOU HEEL!

I'VE DONE WRONG, TERROR, BUT I'LL TAKE MY PUNISHMENT! I--I WAS JUST HURT AND MAD BECAUSE OF THE GIRLS AT SCHOOL!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JUDY! YOU'VE MADE UP FOR YOUR LITTLE FLING VERY NICELY!
AS THE TWINS AND THE GUARD ARRIVE...


I'VE BEEN A LONELY OLD MAN SINCE MY DAUGHTER DIED, CHILD! WOULD YOU COME AND TAKE HER PLACE IN MY HOME?
I-I'D LOVE TO! AND I PROMISE I'LL BE EVERY-THING THAT A DAUGHTER SHOULD!


TWO MONTHS LATER, JUDY IS HONORED BY HER SCHOOL!
THANKS TO THE TERROR TWINS, JUDY MADE THE ACHIEVEMENT CLUB, MR. BENTON! SHE'S A WONDERFUL GIRL--HAVING HER WITH ME HAS MADE MY LIFE COMPLETE!
AND HOW!
Achievement Club CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP


YES--THEY TELL ME THE TERROR TWINS COME IN HANDY, NOW AND THEN! I CAN WELL IMAGINE HOW HAPPY THEY ARE TO HAVE HELPED A GOOD GIRL GO STRAIGHT! ALL SHE NEEDED WAS A DECENT BREAK!

TELEVISION TRICK

By Charles S. Strong

VINCENT FARRELL admired his father and his uncle. Ed Farrell, the father, was a television engineer, while his brother Bill was a police lieutenant.

One night Lieutenant Farrell came over to see his brother and nephew. He leaned back in the easy chair in the Farrell living room and said: "It sure looks as though you television fellows have given us a new headache. Did you read about those robberies that have been breaking out through this section?"

"I did hear something," agreed Ed Farrell, "but why blame that on television?"

"I know why," young Vincent declared. "According to the papers these crooks are smart fellows. They watch the television program 'Meet the Folks.' You remember that one, Dad. At the end of the program the announcer tells you who's going to be on the next week's program. The crooks listen in, and while the guests are at the studio they rob their homes."

"That's about the way it works," agreed the lieutenant.

"Well, if they do it that way," Ed replied, "Why can't you surround the house where the guests live?"

"We don't want to frighten them away—but to catch them at work. We even tried having the guests stay home and miss the broadcast, but apparently these fellows actually see the show go on the air before they break in."

The two brothers puzzled over the situation for some time. Then Vincent spoke up and said:

"I think I have an idea. Next week announce that Mr. and Mrs. Edward Farrell and their son, Vincent, are going to be on the broadcast. We ought to be able to trick them right here in our own house."

Lieutenant Farrell was skeptical, but Vincent's father agreed to make the announcement.

THE announcement was made in due course after Mrs. Farrell had been taken into the confidence of the menfolks and the boy. Then Vincent had some work to do of his own. He worked closely with his uncle on the case, and Lieutenant Farrell insisted that his nephew was going to make a first-rate detective.

The day of the television broadcast finally moved around. The Farrells climbed into their car, backed it out of the driveway and headed away in the direction of the television station. When they had driven about halfway there Ed Farrell stopped and let his son out.

Vincent Farrell waited on the corner for a while, then, certain that his father's car was not being followed, he started back toward his own house. Instead of going directly to the block where the house was located, he turned into the street in the rear and cut through hedges and backyards.

It was dark outside now, and Vincent's heart was pounding. He was wondering whether the plan he had worked out was going to work. Finally he was at the back door of the house. He listened to determine whether there was anyone nearby, but no sound disturbed the night. Crickets were chirping and other wild life was making its usual nocturnal chorus.

Vincent put a key into the back door, opened it, and slipped inside. As he moved through the darkened house,

Young Vincent Farrell Proves His Crime-Fighting Ability!

there was not a sound anywhere. He looked at his radium dial watch and knew that it was time for the show to go on. Five minutes past the hour he heard something working at the front door.

The door finally opened and two men glided into the house. They closed and locked the door behind them, then moved into the large living room where the Farrell television set was located.

Finally a voice said:

"Well, we're in here anyway. But I'm still a little worried about this job. This guy's brother is that smart lieutenant on the robbery squad. This may be a trap. Let's get through here quick."

"Okay, Jim," replied the second man, "but first we turn on the television set and make sure them Farrells don't leave the station. You know what happened the night that woman got sick and they brought her home early."

The two men moved into the living room toward the television set. They were absorbed in the job of turning it on and tuning it in when Vincent Farrell moved silently to the front door and unlocked it. He had left the back door open.

SUDDENLY a familiar voice came into the room from the television set. It was the voice of Vincent's father speaking on the television set.

"There they are," the burglar named Jim announced. "Wouldn't they be surprised if they knew we were calling on them. They've even got the kid along with them, and we know the help left at six o'clock."

"All right, Chet, let's go to work. You take the bedroom upstairs and I'll look after any valuables down here. If Gil toots his horn we make a break for it."

Chet moved out into the hall and up the stairs. He did not see the wraithlike shadow that followed him. Vincent was close to Jim when he pulled aside a picture in the living room and started to work on the wall safe. The boy catapulted into the robber's legs and Jim toppled over backwards.

Suddenly the room was filled with light and Lieutenant Farrell said:

"Stick up your hands, Mister, this is your last job."

Jim whirled around. His flashlight was impotent in the bright light that now enveloped him.

Upstairs there was a slight scuffle as Ed Farrell caught Chet working at the valuables he and his wife kept in the bureau drawers.

Lieutenant Farrell handcuffed his man then called: "Are you okay, Ed?"

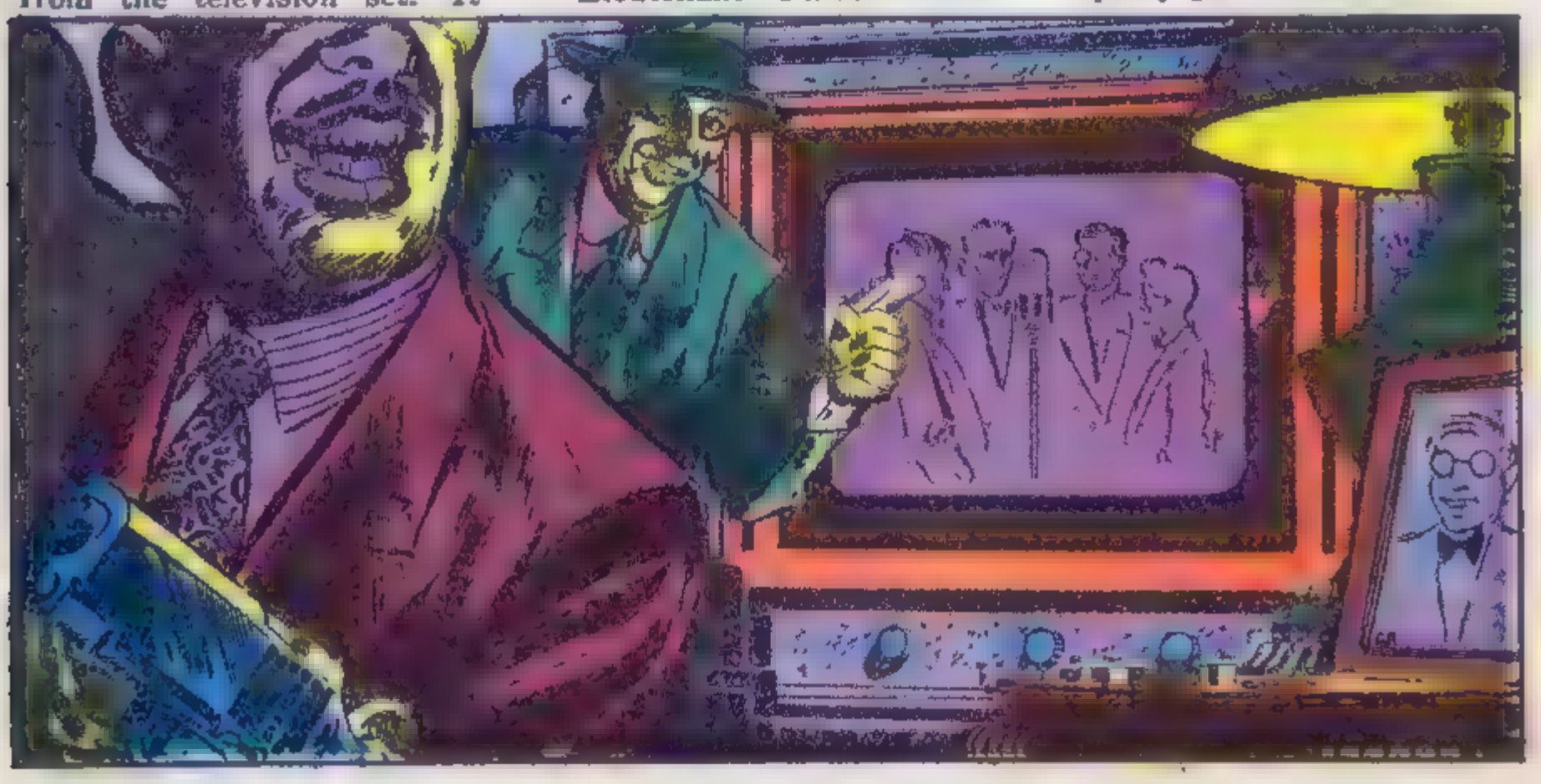
"Fine as silk," Ed replied. "Looks as though Vincent had this thing worked out to a science."

WHEN Chet was pushed into the big Farrell living room and lined up alongside Jim, they both looked at the Farrell brothers and the boy. Then they looked at the television screen where the images of Ed and Vincent were going out over the airways.

"I can't figure this," Jim said slowly. "There's this Farrell fellow and his kid right there in the studio, yet they're here with this copper. It don't jell."

"Vincent figured that one out," laughed his proud uncle. "He took a motion picture of his mother and father at the microphone and before the televisor. I took some pictures of him, too. We blended them together and they're being used on the broadcast tonight. It's just like electrical transcriptions on the radio. You fellows were pretty smart, but not quite smart enough!"

Ed and Bill both patted Vincent on the back. They couldn't decide whether he was going to become a cop or a television engineer. He was equally good at both!



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The BLACK TERROR

WE WARNED YOU NOT TO QUIT THE MOB, HOP. THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL GO STRAIGHT IS IN A PINE BOX!

DON'T SHOOT, FELLA! PLEASE GIMME A CHANCE! I WANT MY KID TO BE PROUD OF HIS OLD MAN!

Offhand you'd say Hop the Dip never would go straight! But the unhappy little ex-pickpocket won the sympathy of Bob Benton and Tim... and also their help! Are the Terror Twins good judges of human nature... Or does Hop betray their trust? It all depends on which side he's on in "The LAST CHANCE!"

B-176

HOMEWARD BOUND AFTER A HARD NIGHT'S WORK...

WORKIN' AT AN HONEST JOB SURE IS EASIER THAN BEING A PICKPOCKET! ME, HOP THE DIP, TURNIN' OVER A NEW LEAF AND GOING STRAIGHT ...SURE FEELS GOOD! EVEN IF I DID GET FIRED ON ACCOUNT THEY FOUND OUT I WAS AN EX-CON!

WHERE YOU BEEN, HOP? BIG BOY SWEENEY WANTS YA TO COME BACK WITH THE MOB ... BUT PRONTO!

I AIN'T INTERESTED, MIKE! TELL SWEENEY TO GO PEDDLE HIS PAPERS SOMEWHERE ELSE!

MAYBE A LITTLE PERSUADING MIGHT HELP!

YEAH! ALL OF A SUDDEN HE'S GETTING BIG IDEAS!

OHHHH! DON'T...

YA BETTER COME BACK TO WORK, PAL! BOSS SWEENEY DON'T TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER!

IT'S NO USE... THEY WON'T LET ME GO STRAIGHT! I...I'VE GOT TO DISAPPEAR! MY LITTLE SON CAN'T HAVE A CROOK... FOR A FATHER...

GOOD-BYE, JIMMY BOY! THE CHILD WELFARE PEOPLE WILL FIND YOU A GOOD HOME! I—I HOPE YOU WON'T GROW UP HATING YOUR OLD MAN... !

IT'S THE ONLY WAY OUT! JIMMY WILL BE BETTER OFF WHEN I'M DEAD... AND FORGOTTEN!

BOB BENTON AND TIM ARE OUT FOR AN EARLY MORNING WALK...

NOTHING LIKE A LITTLE FRESH AIR BEFORE OPENING UP SHOP, TIM! IT'S NICE AND COOL NOW!

YOU SAID IT, BOB!

BOB! WHAT'S THAT MAN TRYING TO DO... KILL HIMSELF?

NOT IF WE CAN HELP IT, TIM!

LET ME GO! LET ME GO! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LIVE FOR!

TAKE IT EASY, FELLA! SUPPOSE YOU LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF THAT!

I'M HOP THE DIP... AN EX-CON, SEE? EVERY TIME I GET A JOB— THEY GET ME FIRED! TWO OF 'EM BEAT ME UP WHEN I CAME BACK FROM WORK THIS MORNING! I CAN'T GO ON LIVING THIS WAY!

I'M BOB BENTON, THE DRUGGIST, HOP! NOW YOU TROT ALONG HOME AND GET SOME SLEEP! DROP AROUND TO MY STORE THIS AFTERNOON! THERE'S A GOOD JOB IN THE WORKS... JUST TRUST ME!

T-THANKS, MR. BENTON! I'LL BE THERE!

AND THAT AFTERNOON...

MAYBE MR. BENTON'S RIGHT! I'M NOT LICKED YET!

HERE I AM, MR. BENTON, JUST LIKE YOU SAID!

HELLO, HOP! I'VE GOT JUST THE JOB FOR YOU! COME ON BACK WHILE I CONFIRM IT OVER THE PHONE!

HE'S HERE IN THE STORE NOW! SURE I'LL VOUCH FOR HIM, MR. JONES! ... OKAY! FINE!

FUNNY HOW MANY FRIENDS YOU FIND WHEN YOU'RE HONEST! IN THE OLD DAYS I WOULDN'T TRUST ANYBODY—AND NOBODY WOULD TRUST ME!

NEXT MORNING..

I EXPECTED THAT, TIM! THAT'S WHY I GOT HIM A JOB ACROSS THE STREET FROM US!

BOB! THOSE HOODS ARE KIDNAPPING HOP!

AUTO SUPPLIES

TIMES ROUND STORES

IT'S HIGH TIME THE TERROR TWINS WENT INTO ACTION! LET'S GO, KID!

RIGHT WITH YOU, TERROR!

YOU AIN'T GONNA STRONG-ARM ME TO WORK FOR SWEENEY!

THEN WE'LL PERSUADE YA!

KEEP FIGHTING, HOP! YOU'VE GOT FRIENDS!

SUPPOSE WE DO A LITTLE PERSUADING FOR A CHANGE?

WHAT'S THE MATTER? DON'T YOU *WANT* TO FIGHT ANY MORE?

UFF!

OWWW!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, BLACK TERROR! BIG BOY SWEENEY DON'T LIKE PEOPLE TO BUTT IN ON HIS BUSINESS!

YOU TELL THAT OVERGROWN RAT TO STAY ON HIS OWN SIDE OF THE TRACKS... OR ELSE!

IT'S NO USE, TERROR! THEY TOLD MR. JONES, MY BOSS, I WAS CASING HIS PLACE FOR A BURGLARY! THEN - HE FIRED ME!

DON'T WORRY, HOP! THAT'S ONLY THE FIRST ROUND!

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T BE TRYIN' THIS ALL ALONE! I GOT A COUPLE OF FRIENDS ... HARRY THE SAFE-CRACKER AND EDDIE THE FORGER! THEY WANT TO GO STRAIGHT, TOO!

BRING THEM AROUND TO BOB BENTON'S DRUG STORE! WE'LL WORK OUT A PLAN FOR YOU TO FOLLOW!

LATER THAT DAY...

WHY, TERROR...! ISN'T MR. BENTON HERE?

NO... HE STEPPED OUT FOR A FEW MINUTES, AND ASKED ME TO HELP OUT TILL HE GOT BACK! COME ON IN!

MEET HARRY AND EDDIE, TERROR! WE'RE HERE TO DO JUST WHAT YOU SUGGEST!

THE BEST DEFENSE IS AN ATTACK! NOW LISTEN CLOSELY...

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SWEENEY MOB IS AT THE HOTEL ATLANTIC! THAT'S WHERE SWEENEY PLANS HIS JOBS...AND WHERE HE KEEPS HIS FILES! WELL... I'M GOING AFTER THOSE FILES, PERSONALLY! ARE YOU WITH ME?

THE HOTEL ATLANTIC IT IS, THEN! YOU THREE WAIT HERE! IF YOU DON'T HEAR FROM ME IN HALF AN HOUR... I'LL NEED HELP!

WE WON'T LET YOU DOWN, TERROR!

MAYBE WE'RE STICKING OUR NECKS OUT, KID... BUT IT'S THE ONLY THING TO DO!

NATCH! BUT, PERSONALLY, I THINK BOSS SWEENEY IS GOING TO BE A VERY UNHAPPY MAN SOON!

THAT'S IT... SWEENEY'S PORTRAIT! EDDIE THE FORGER SAID THE GANG'S VAULT LIES BEHIND SWEENEY'S PICTURE!

ALL I HOPE IS YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF SAFES HELPS US TO GET INTO THAT VAULT, TERROR!

THE BOYS WERE RIGHT! HERE'S THE SAFE!

SURE... BUT WE STILL HAVE TO GET *INSIDE!*

BUT WHAT THE TERROR TWINS DO NOT KNOW ... IS THAT A PHOTO-ELECTRIC [illegible] FLASHES A WARNING SIGNAL TO THE CROOKED HOTEL CLERK DOWN IN THE LOBBY!

I WISH HARRY THE SAFE CRACKER WAS HERE! LET'S SEE IF THE OLD COMBINATION HE GAVE ME HASN'T BEEN CHANGED...

AND AT THE FRONT DESK...

HSST... PETE! CALL THE BOYS! SOMEBODY'S BREAKING INTO THE BIG BOY'S SAFE!

OKAY!

GLAD YOU WERE JUST DOWN THE STREET, BOSS! SOMEBODY'S PLAYING AROUND UP IN YOUR HEADQUARTERS!

WONDER WHO'S GOT THAT MUCH NERVE? C'MON, BOYS!

THE BLACK TERROR, EH? GET YER HANDS UP, MUG!

WELL, WELL... BIG BOY SWEENEY, HIMSELF!

LOOK OUT FOR HIS GUN, TERROR!

UFF!

I ALWAYS DID LIKE TO TACKLE DUMMIES!

I'LL POLISH OFF THESE TWO, TERROR!

OWW

STAND WHERE YA ARE, TERROR ... OR I'LL PLUG THE TERROR KID!

MY, MY! WE'RE BEING AWFULLY BRAVE NOW, AREN'T WE?

SO YA WANTED TO SEE MY FILES, EH? TAKE YER TIME, TERROR! YOU'LL HAVE A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE YOU'RE DEAD OF SUFFOCATION!

WITHOUT AIR, THEY'LL BE CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP! WE'LL DUMP THEIR BODIES IN THE RIVER LATER!

PERSONALLY, BOSS, I CAN THINK OF MUCH NICER WAYS TO DIE!

LET'S FINISH THAT DRINK, MIKE!

OKAY, BOSS! THE GUARDS WILL WARN US, IN CASE ANYTHING POPS!

THERE'S SWEENEY COMIN' THROUGH THE LOBBY!. SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG ...I CAN FEEL IT! IT'S A GOOD THING WE DIDN'T WAIT OUTSIDE!

HEY! WATCH WHAT YER DOIN' YA CLUMSY MUG!

OOPS! SORRY, PAL!

ELEVATORS

THAT'LL TEACH YA TO STAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, BUM!

I SAID I WAS SORRY... OHHHH!

TELEPHONE

IT WORKED, FELLAS! HERE'S SWEENEY'S WALLET, EDDIE! LOOK INSIDE IT FOR HIS DRIVER'S LICENSE!

OUTSIDE THE HOTEL..

SEE... THAT SWEENEY'S SIGNATURE! NOW I WANT YOU TO FORGE A NOTE IN HIS HANDWRITING, EDDIE, AND...

OKAY, HOP! I JUST HOPE I HAVEN'T GOT RUSTY!

HMM...! "I TOLD THESE THREE BOYS TO WAIT UP IN MY PLACE TILL I GOT BACK! LET THEM USE THE ELEVATOR... THEY'RE OKAY! THE GUARD HAS THE KEY... SWEENEY." GO AHEAD! THAT'S THE BOSS'S HANDWRITING, ALL RIGHT!

SHORTLY.. IN THE HOTEL...

WHA...? IT'S HOP THE DIP! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE?

I JUST DROPPED IN FOR A LITTLE CONFERENCE WITH THE BIG BOY HIMSELF!

BUT I'M LETTIN' MY FISTS DO ALL THE TALKIN'!

YEH? WHAT YA GONNA TALK ABOUT — UFF!

MOMENTS LATER...

HURRY IT UP, HARRY! THE GANG MAY BE BACK ANY TIME!

HOLD YOUR HORSES, HOP! I'M A LITTLE OUTA PRACTICE!

GOOD... WORK... FELLA! A COUPLE OF MINUTES MORE...

OKAY, YOU LUGS! FREEZE!

THE MOMENT I MISSED MY WALLET, I BEGAN THINKIN' ABOUT THE LUG WHO BUMPED INTO ME IN THE LOBBY! ONLY HOP THE DIP WORKS THAT WAY! SO I PUT TWO AN' TWO TOGETHER! GLAD TO SEE ME?

WHAT DO YOU THINK, HEEL?

FIVE LUGS INSIDE... THAT'S LESS AIR TO BREATHE FOR EACH! HAVE FUN, BOYS!

NOW IF I ONLY HAD SOMETHING TO USE AS A TOOL..

UH... I ALWAYS CARRY A SCREWDRIVER ON ME, TERROR! FORCE O' HABIT, I GUESS! THINK IT MIGHT HELP ANY?

WELL, THIS IS OUR LAST RESORT! IF I CAN GET AT THE COMBINATION FROM THE INSIDE...

...I MAY BE ABLE TO TRIP THE ESCAPE LEVER! IT'S AN EMERGENCY DEVICE IN THIS TYPE OF SAFE... AND THE BOLTS REACT AUTOMATICALLY! AH... THAT'S IT!

CLICK!

I RAISE YA TEN BUCKS... HUH?!

AND I'M GOING TO RAISE CAIN, SWEENEY!

YOU'LL HAVE LOTS OF TIME TO PLAY GAMES IN JAIL...

WHEN YOU GET DONE WORKING ON THE ROCKPILE!

AW, HE COULDN'T STAND A REAL DAY'S WORK!

ROCKABYE BABY ON THE TREETOP...

OWW!

THE GUESTS COMPLAINED OF A RIOT... HEY! IT'S THE BLACK TERROR!

AS THE SWEENEY MOB IS SUBDUED...

IT'S ALL YOURS, OFFICER... BIG BOY SWEENEY'S RACKET ACCOUNTS! I BET THEY MAKE YOU A SERGEANT FOR THIS DAY'S WORK!

I-I HOPE SO, TERROR! GOSH, WHAT A HAUL!

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL...

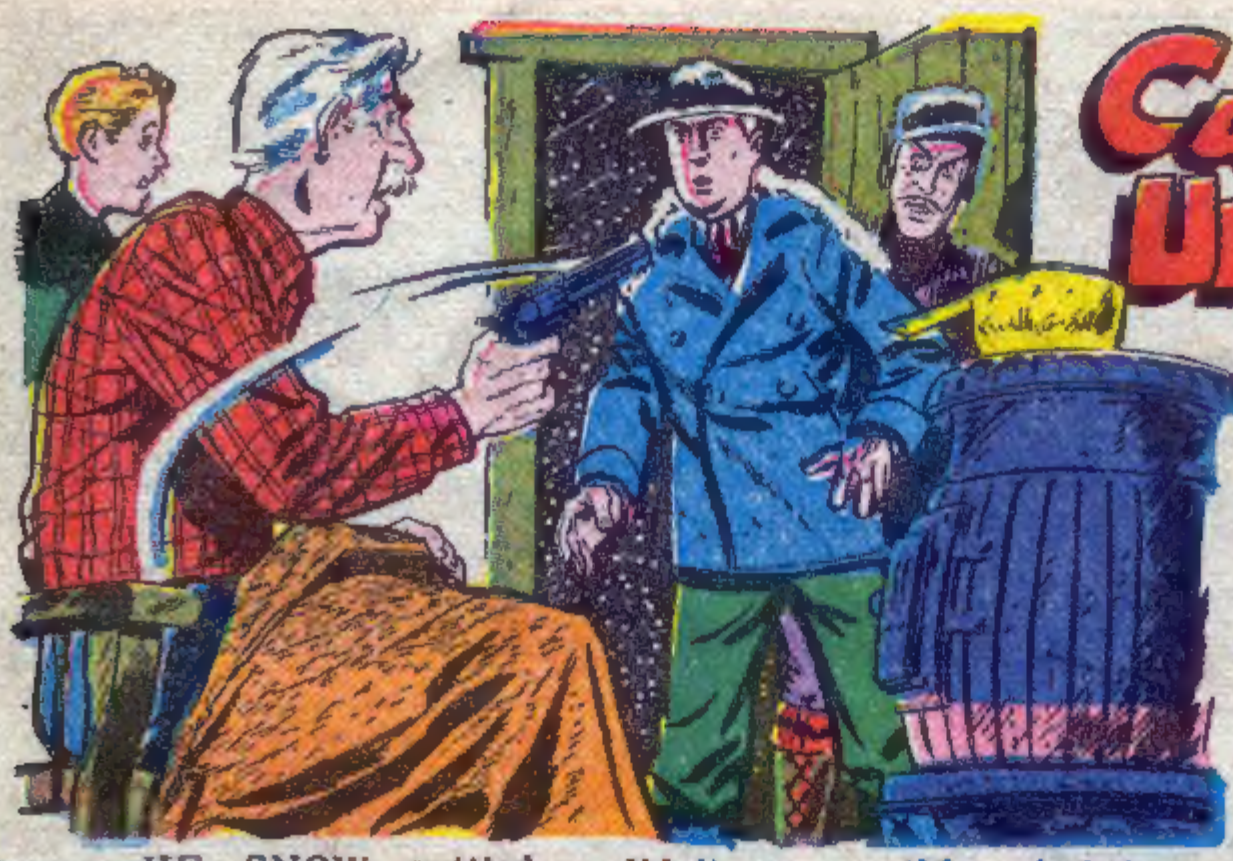
...AND YOUR DADDY'S NEVER GONNA LEAVE YA AGAIN, JIMMY! NOW THANK THE TERROR TWINS!

YOU'RE MORE THAN WELCOME, SON!

THANK YOU!

FOLLOW THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK TERROR IN ACTION-PACKED America's Best Comics!

...FOR HOP THE DIP AND HIS BOY!



Cure For Uncle Dan

By Donald Bayne Hobart

B-403

THE SNOW rattled against the windows of the log cabin back in the mountains, and the wind moaned mournfully. The fire burning in the iron stove was pleasant as Tommy Carson stood warming himself.

"It sure is a bad night out, Uncle Dan," Tommy said. "It has been snowing all day and it's still coming down hard. Guess it was a good thing I brought in that load of wood."

Dan Carson just nodded, his face old and tired in the light of the oil lamp on the table. A blanket was wrapped around his legs as he sat in his chair staring at the stove.

Tommy moved away from the stove, suddenly restless. His uncle talked so seldom these days, yet if he was ill the old man would not admit it. Finding out what was wrong was quite a problem for a fourteen-year-old boy.

"What's the matter, Uncle?" Tommy forced himself to voice the words that he had been longing to say for over a week. "Is there something wrong? Don't you feel well?"

"Not very," Dan Carson said, and he looked at the boy. "I just haven't the pep I used to have, Tommy. Seems like I tire right easily, and I haven't much interest in anything."

For a few moments Tommy didn't say anything, but he was thinking swiftly. In good weather Dan Carson spent most of his time working on the small gold claim that he and the boy owned, but in winter he had nothing to do. Tommy felt that might be his uncle's trouble. Perhaps Dan Carson needed some excitement.

"I was talking to Bill Hampton, the ranger, when I was out chopping wood this afternoon," Tommy said. "Said there was a bank robbery down in Martinville yesterday. Two men held up the bank and got away with twenty thousand dollars. They are said to be hiding somewhere back here in the mountains."

"They did, huh?" Carson was interested. "Maybe we had better be ready for trouble. Hand me that old Colt of mine, Tommy!"

Tommy got the long-barreled Colt .45 from a shelf and handed it to his uncle. The old man took the gun and checked to see that it was fully loaded. Tommy grinned as he watched —but said nothing.

The boy turned as there came a knock on the door of the cabin. Carson thrust the gun beneath the blanket, and nodded toward the door.

"See who is there," he said.

Tommy opened the door. Two men stood there, the snow heavy on their clothing. Silently they shoved Tommy roughly aside, and stepped into the cabin, closing the door behind them.

"I thought you two bank robbers might come here!" Dan Carson exclaimed abruptly.

"Bank robbers!" said one of the men. "Then you think —"

"The old man is crazy," interrupted the other man. "Don't bother about him, Ward."

"You're right," said Ward. He glared at Carson. "I know you have money hidden in this cabin. Hand it over to us!"

Carson suddenly drew his Colt from under the blanket and covered the two men. Tommy grabbed up a rifle. A few minutes later Ranger Bill Hampton appeared at the cabin, and the intruders were turned over to him. Hampton had been looking for the two men, whom he suspected of being thieves.

"Then they aren't the bank robbers?" asked Carson in disappointment. "Tommy told me about them being around."

"There weren't really any bank robbers, Uncle Dan," said Tommy. "I just made up that story. Thought if you had something to interest you, like worrying about the bank robbers, you might feel better!"

"So you fooled me, eh?" Carson glared at his nephew, but there was a twinkle in his eyes and he looked better than he had for sometime. "The next time you do anything like that I'll give you a good licking—maybe!"

Young Tommy Carson Provides Some Real Excitement!

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IT'S THE FINEST WRIST WATCH I'VE EVER SEEN FOR THE MONEY, JOE!
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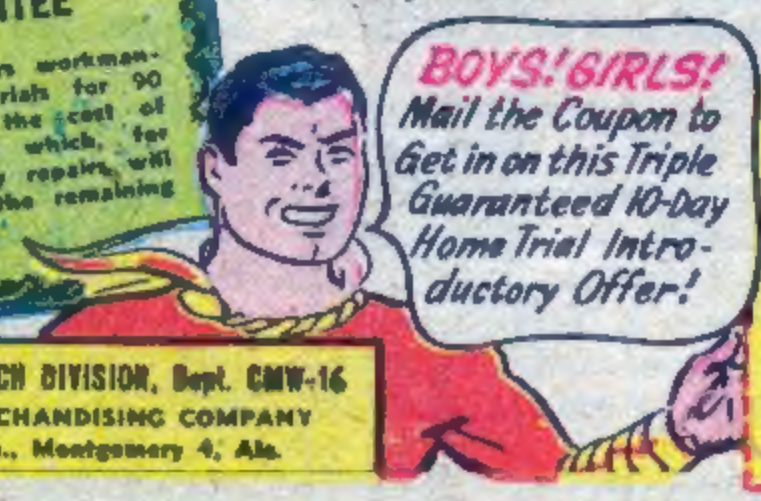

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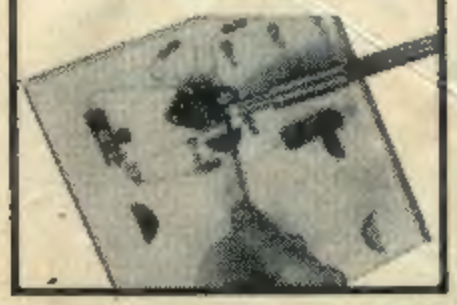

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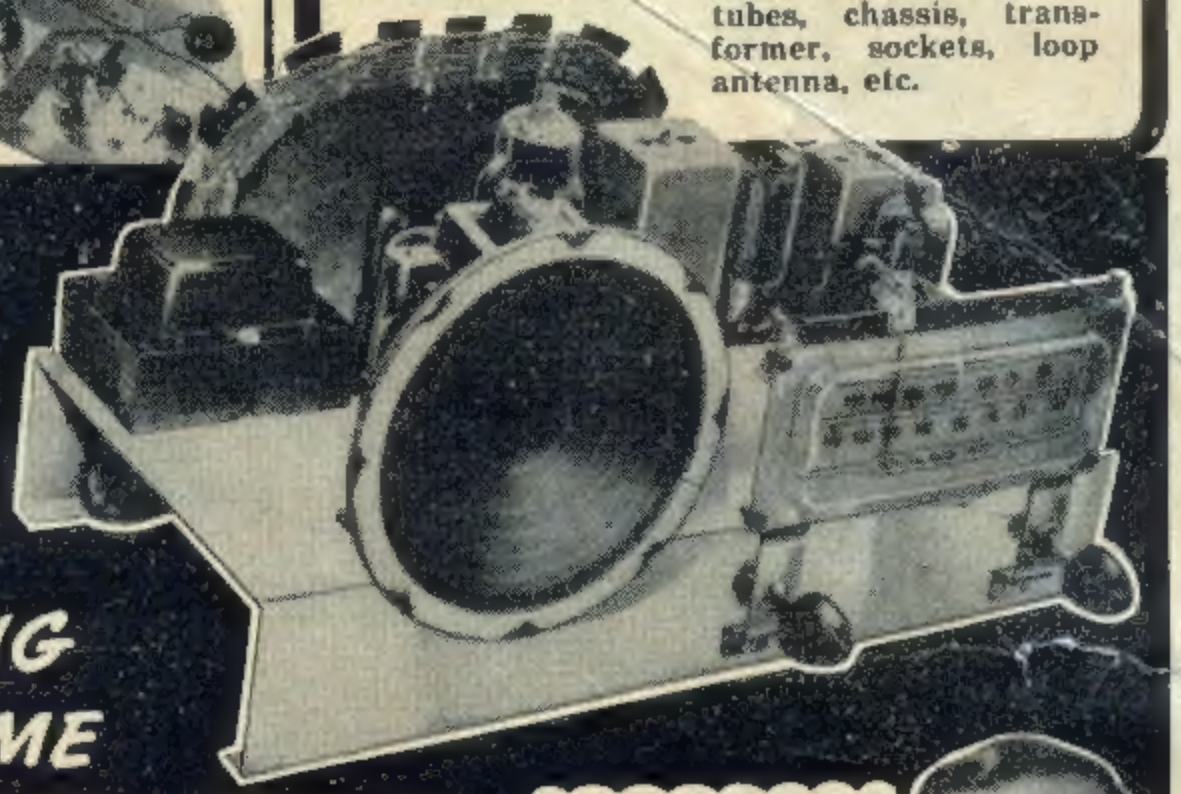

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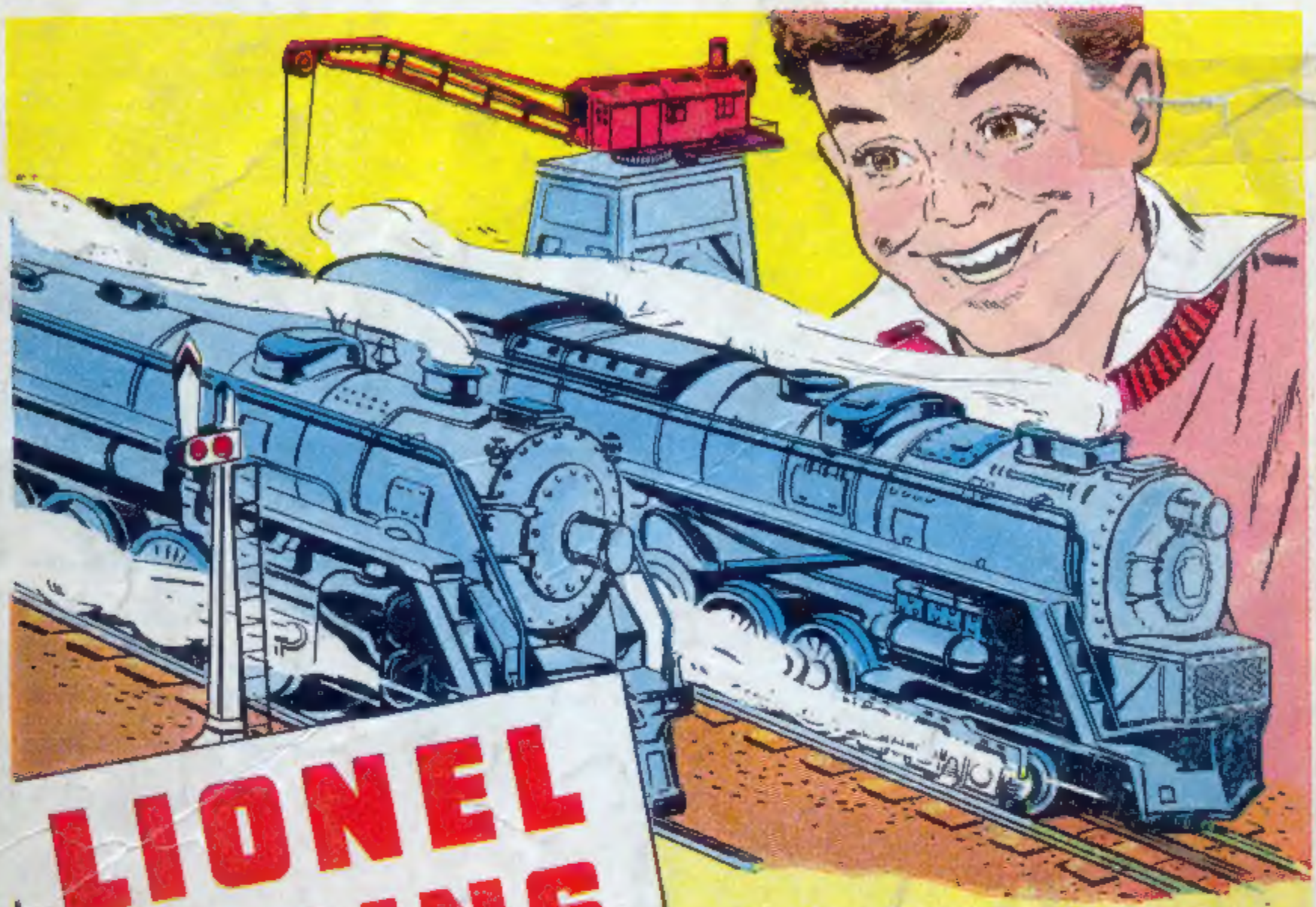

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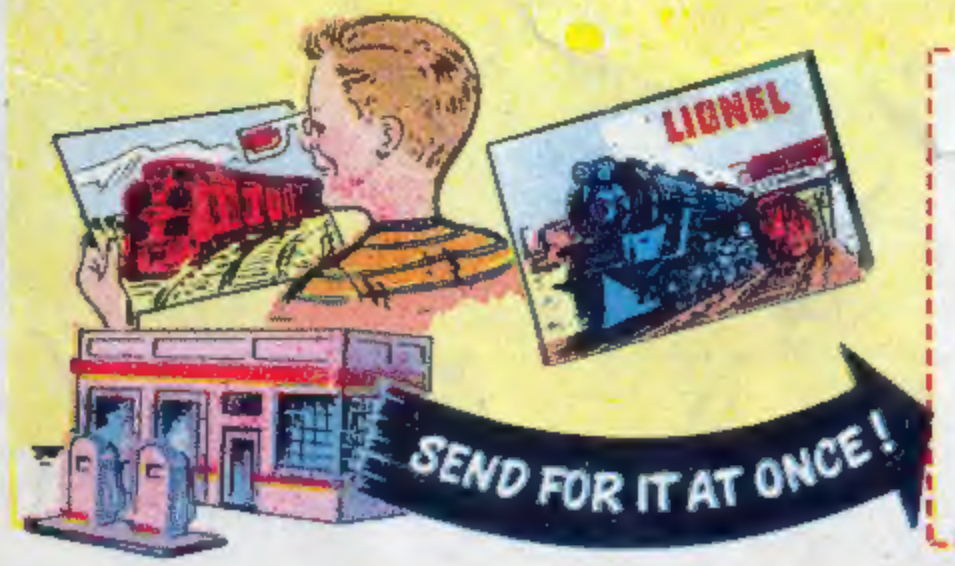

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